

A considerable territory in East Texas is being opened up for rice culture.

Over \$50,000,000 are spent in maintaining the churches of the United States, and \$400,000,000 in running the jails.

Mr. Francis Deconle, writing to the Paris *Matin*, declares that Egyptians are opposed to the British rule along the Upper Nile.

The New York *Mercury* relates that an Osage Indian who tried his first featherbed at Stillwater, Minn., the other day cut a hole in the ticking and crawled in among the feathers.

Italy had a lot of nickel coins minted recently, and they have nearly all disappeared. An investigation showed that they had been bought up and sold at a big profit in the Orient.

Ceylon's output of tea for the current year is expected to reach 94,000,000 pounds. The industry is rapidly growing, planters are making fortunes and the whole island is enjoying unexampled prosperity.

At a banquet recently given to the Earl of Hopetown, the retiring governor of Victoria, in Austria, the opinion was expressed by the premier of the Victorian legislature that before the end of the century there will be a governor-general of United Austria.

One of the amazing manifestations in the Far West is the character of the clubs in some small cities, notes the Chicago *Times Herald*. Such clubs are luxuriously furnished, well managed, and prosperous. Strangest of all, several such clubs support flourishing restaurants, a thing that no club in small Eastern cities attempts.

The postal telegraph system of England, whereby the government does the telegraphing at one cent a word, paid for in postage stamps, is in the estimation of the American Agriculturist, a valuable branch of the postal service and immensely popular. The government does not regard it as a means of revenue but rather as a means of helping trade and informing the public.

The French constitution seems to the Chicago *Times Herald* to be a great menace to the republic. During the last hundred years she has had no fewer than seventeen constitutions. Not content with this exhibition of political versatility, French history reveals that seven provisional governments at different times managed to worry along without the annoyance of a constitution.

It is in America that the rational management of animals has reached perfection, maintains the New York *Tribune*. Businesslike, scientific, kind, it would be hard to imagine a better treatment than race and trotting horses receive here, especially those friends of the family, the trotter, unless, indeed, a horse is of the nervous, craving temperament that demands kisses, even if it be at the expense of a blow now and then.

Says the Philadelphia *Ledger*; if any man with an income between \$3,500 and \$4,000 should fail to report to the Collector of Internal Revenue, he need not worry about the penalty to be imposed. He is required to make report, but the penalty for neglect provided in the act does not reach his case. Fifty per cent is to be added to the amount of tax assessed to be due. But fifty per cent added to nothing makes nothing, and that is all that the individuals with incomes between \$3,500 and \$4,000 can be made to pay if they should neglect to make returns.

Earthquakes on the same day and almost at the same hour in regions as widely separated as Colorado and Italy may be merely coincidences, but if so, the coincidence is very remarkable, declares the Atlanta *Constitution*. None of the theories proposed by scientists to account for the occurrence of earthquakes is received by all, a connection between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions is more than suspected, while the fact that both take place under certain meteorological conditions seems to indicate that not one of the theories really explain all the peculiar phenomena which have been observed in this connection. On March 24th, for instance, there were earthquakes in Colorado, Italy, Greece and Central America; Vesuvius was unusually active, the volcanoes of Mexico were greatly disturbed, and there was a tidal wave on the coast of India. When all the conditions are fully understood, we shall perhaps understand that all these phenomena are due to one cause.

A Catechism.

What shall my lover be
When he comes courting?
Heart free,
Save of me
Room for no thought in.

What shall my sweetheart be?
During disaster
Strong man;
If you can,
Tame me—be master.

What shall my courtier be
When we're swooning?
Heart glad,
Only sad
Thinking of parting.

What shall my master be?
Beave and true. Never
Trouble fear,
Sweetheart dear,
I'm with you ever.

What shall my husband be,
Honeymoon over?
Nay, lass,
No'er shall pass
Sweet love of lover.

So may thy husband be
Lover as well,
And all life
His dear wife
In love's shelter dwell.

HER MISTAKE.

The Man: Aged 35; soldier. Home on leave from India.

The Girl he is engaged to: Aged 22; pretty, clever, enthusiastic; full of the New Ideas.

The Other Woman: Aged 30 a widow—not desolate. Has known the man in former days.

Act I.

Scene: A country house drawing-room.

Five o'clock tea-time. The lovers.

The man (standing masterfully on the hearth)—But what on earth are you driving at, my child? You've been beating about the bush for the last half hour and saying things I don't the least understand the drift of. For heaven's sake, explain what you do mean, and let's have done with it! I call it a waste of time myself, when I haven't seen you all day. (Makes a movement as if he was going to stoop down and kiss her.)

The Girl (tremulously, but with dignity)—Yes you are right. Let's have done with it, as you gracefully put it. Here is my ring, and that is what I mean. (Draws off a very handsome diamond hoop and lays it on the table beside her.)

The man (under his breath)—Good heavens!

The Girl (coldly)—Don't swear. There is no occasion. Our engagement is at an end. Tell every one if you like, that the breaking off of it was mutual, but please (with a quiver in her voice) take my decision as final.

The Man (passionately)—I will not. I never heard such stark staring madness. For I know you care for me. You may say you don't till you're black in the face, and I shan't believe you. So what's it all about? That woman—why haven't I told you that she was merely a friend of mine! I saw a lot of her for two hot seasons up at Muscudie, I don't deny; but then we were about the only two decent people—not otherwise engaged—in the hotel. Well, I admit, if you like, that I rode with her all day and danced with her all night, but I give you my word—my word of honor, mind—(with emphasis) that there was nothing in it. I swear to you that I never touched the tip of her fingers in any way the whole world might not have seen. Now are you satisfied?

The Girl (lily)—I think that you admit what you say. One can do a good deal of flirting without touching a person.

The Man (dryly)—Can you? Well, I'm bound to say I can't.

The Girl: And all this is beside the question. From all I hear, she evidently cared for you. I think from your own account you gave her reason to. She is a widow now, and badly off poor thing. Can't you understand (reproachfully) that I should despise myself forever if I married you knowing this? In your heart of hearts you must think that I am right. She has the prior claim.

The Man (angrily): The prior claim stick! I don't think anything of the sort. Where you got all these ideas into your head I can't think—from those rotten women's novels I suppose. Well, (roughly), your ideas are quite too fin de siècle for me; I don't pretend to understand them. But I know that if I stay here any longer I shall shock you by swearing in good earnest. (Moves toward the door.)

The Girl (hesitates)—then, with tear in her eyes, goes after him): But, Oh, you must do me justice—you must see that I am sacrificing myself for a higher good! You must think—

The Man (interrupting her): I give you my word that I think only of

thing—that you are a little fool—no—I beg your pardon—extremely silly. Good-bye.

Act II.

Scene: The same drawing-room six months later.

The Girl (who has slept less than usual and thought a good bit; constrainedly): How good of you to come out this horrid day.

The Other Woman (who has just arrived to call, looking very smart and cheerful in the slightest of mourning): Well, it was rather an effort, but I wanted to see you to say good-bye. I am going away the day after tomorrow.

The Girl (with a thrill of apprehension): Really? Isn't that rather sudden?

The Other Woman (settling herself complacently in an armchair and preparing to be expansive): Yes, it is sudden. I've a piece of news about myself to tell you. I'm so happy I must tell some one. And I hardly know any one down here.

The Girl (A pause, during which the Girl grows a little pale, and braces herself with an immense effort): I think I know your news already. You are going to be married.

The Other Woman (unconscious that it is written in the radiance of her face): How did you know it? I've been perfectly quiet ever since I came down here. I'm sure no one has ever seen me speaking to a man. I hope you don't disapprove of widows marrying again? (Laughing.) Some people do. I used to have that idea myself once. But I've changed my mind since then. One does change one's mind and reconstruct one's ideas a good many times in the course of ten years. Lives and learns, don't you know. But, of course—with a little polite superior smile—you don't know—you're too young.

The Girl (rather sadly): Am I! I don't think so. But (pulling herself resolutely together) pray let me congratulate you. I hope you will both be very happy.

The Other Woman (gayly): Thanks awfully for him and myself. I am awfully lucky. It doesn't happen to every one to chuck away a thing—find out after all that it was the thing you wanted most—and then have it offered you again just at the right moment.

The Girl (speaking with conviction): No, indeed, it doesn't.

The Other Woman: Oh, and by the way, I hear that we have a mutual friend—Captain Frazier. Some one was telling me that he belongs down in these parts. Will you give him a message for me if he turns up here again? I shan't see him now, and we used to be great chums out in India. He's a good fellow and he knew my Jack. Tell him I am going to be married, and remember me kindly.

The Girl (faintly): Your Jack?

The Other Woman: Yes, his name is Jack, too—Jack Enderby—Major Enderby. He's out in India—dear India (with effusion), and I'm going out to him next month.

Act III.

The Girl's letter to the Man.

"... I have just heard that she is going to be married, and I know now that I was quite wrong from beginning to end. Can you forgive me? You will if you care for me one-half as much as I care for you. I never knew how much I could care till lately. I've been wretched—and you were right—though very rude. I was a little fool; I shall be wiser in the future. I shall not wish to give you up to any other woman, even with a—'prior claim.' Is it too late to be sorry?"

It was not.—Black and White.

Fats as Food.

Fats, including all palatable oils, are valuable as foods, and under favorable conditions may be digested and absorbed in considerable quantities by a healthy adult.

A study of physiology shows that nature has bestowed great attention upon the means for the digestion, absorption and assimilation of fatty substances by the human body. This fact may be taken as an indication that fat is naturally a beneficial food. Yet it is a popular supposition that fat is unwholesome; and in many cases the eating of fat does cause discomfort and stomach disorder.

To live naturally, everyone should spend a part of the day in physical exercise, preferably in the open air. Exercise is requisite for the digestion of fat. Lack of exercise is one reason why, in many cases, fats "disagree" with the eater.

The digestibility of different fats varies. Butter and cod-liver oil are in the front rank as regards ease of digestion.

It is not easy to overestimate the value of cod-liver oil as a tonic for a

child born with an inclination to consumption, as indicated by coughs, lameness, or curvature of the spine. The value of good butter in the same connection is not widely enough recognized.

The writer was recently asked by the anxious mother of a young girl of consumptive tendencies whether her fondness for butter was not unnatural and harmful. To such a person the taste for fatty foods is a natural craving for a perfectly proper and wholesome food. The craving should not be discouraged at all; but plentiful indulgence in out-door air and exercise should be insisted upon as a necessary condition of digesting the fats; otherwise symptoms of stomach disorder will appear; blotches and pimples will often occur upon the face, and general ill health will result. Fatty, heat-producing foods are especially called for in winter. Chemistry demonstrates it, and it is proved also by the wide use of fat in cold regions, both by animal and by men.

A dressing of olive oil greatly increases the food value of the common potato, and at the same time adds much to its palatability.—Youth's Companion.

A Wonderful Feline.

A cat that thinks and seems possessed of strange intelligence is the property of a little boy who lives in Perry, Houston county. The Houston, Ga., Home Journal gives this queer account of the wonderful feline:

"Later, however, this kitten became a cat, and she protested more noisily when the children would play with her, and she avoided their hands at all times. It became apparent that she was averse to intimate association with the younger children and several months ago she gave emphatic evidence of the fact that she thought it decidedly improper for a child to cry. One night this cat was sleeping quietly on the rug before the fire, when one of the little children began crying. The cat jumped to her feet, climbed upon the shoulders of the child and deliberately slapped her face. The cat was at once caught, severely whipped and put out of the house. This seemed to be a lesson to the cat and for a time she controlled her temper. About a week ago, however, there was another scene. The infant of the household was upon the mother's lap and began crying. The cat lying upon the rug as before, jumped up, stood upon its hind feet and with one front foot slapped the baby's face. Again the cat was severely whipped, and one of the boys carried her off and gave her to a colored man who lives on the outskirts of the town. But the cat came back the very next day. It is a remarkable fact that in each instance related above it did not appear that the cat intended to hurt the child, but merely to administer a reproof. It certainly seems that the cat has reasoning power. But, if that cat slaps another child the number of cats in this community will be reduced by one.

Chickens as Weather Prophets.

A grizzled and gray Montgomery County farmer formed one of a group of men who were discussing weather signs in the Terminal Market recently. "I always know when there is to be a wind storm," he said, "by watching the turkeys and chickens go to roost each night. In calm weather the fowls always roost on their poles with their heads alternating each way; that is, one faces east, the next west, and so on. But when there is going to be a high wind they always roost with their heads towards the direction from which it is coming. There are reasons for these different ways of roosting, I take it. When there is no wind to guard against they can see other danger more readily if they are headed in both directions, but when wind is to arise they face it because they can hold their positions better. But the part I can't understand," he concluded, "is how the critters know that the wind is going to rise when we mortals lack all intimation of it."—Philadelphia Times.

"An Ocean Swell."

The late Lord Alcester of the British navy was noted for the scrupulous care and neatness with which he dressed. In fact, in his later years he was known as "the ocean swell." When in command of the Mediterranean squadron his example in dress was closely followed by his officers, even down to the midshipmen, most of whom followed his fashion of wearing "cheese-cutter" caps. So punctilious was he about uniform regulations that on one particular occasion he chased along the whole length of the Strada Reale, at Valetta, a luckless midshipman who was smoking in the streets in uniform.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

MULCHING CURRANT BUSHES.

After you have thoroughly worked about the currant bushes in your home garden this spring and given them the necessary pruning, next give them a heavy mulch of stable manure, thick enough to keep the ground about them always moist and to prevent the growth of weeds. You will see how well this trifling labor will pay when the fruit begins to ripen. Treat gooseberries in the same way.—American Agriculturist.

GLUTEN MEAL FOR HORSES.

Gluten meal has been much used as feed for milch cows, but it is even better for horses that are working. We have often used it for working teams, and regard it as nearly or quite as good as an equal weight of oats. The gluten meal contains all that is left after the carbohydrates in the corn have been changed into sugar. It is slightly laxative and is therefore better than oats to feed with timothy hay. Clover hay is also laxative, but if horses are given it in small quantities with a mixture of grain and gluten meal they will do good work on it. Horses like clover too well. If given all they can eat of it they will gorge themselves until nature sets up a diarrhoea to rid the stomach of its burden. Of course this will unfit any horse for good work. Timothy hay is not liked so well and its tendency is constipating. That is one reason why it is preferred by horsemen. But this constipation injures health and shortens life.—American Cultivator.

VENTILATING A STABLE.

In "Talk about Farms," by Waldo F. Brown, he says the best way to ventilate a barn is through the hay chute. Experience tells me this is the poorest plan that can be devised for ventilation, says L. D. Smith in the New York Tribune. The breath and foul odors are carried to the loft, condensed by the cold, and settle on the hay or fodder, rendering it unfit for stock. His plan for a stable is good, except that the hay chutes should be in the ends, so the mow may be filled full, and these chutes should be covered with tight-fitting hatches to prevent the breath of the stock and the odors of the stable from coming in contact with the feed.

I put a ventilating shaft in each side of my stables, in the rear of the stock, extending through the roof a sufficient height to give it a draft. A hayfork is a necessity in every well-regulated barn, and to operate it successfully and get the most mow room, I put on what I call a "gambrel" roof, that is, I cut my rafters in two pieces; the lower piece I cut about 14x12, and the upper one 8x12, spliced with an eight-inch board on each side, well nailed. This does away with purlin beams, posts or braces.

RAISING CALVES BY HAND.

When our cows are about to calve we put them in a well-bedded stall and keep watch over them until after calving, says E. A. Fricke. Then we let the cows lick the calves partly dry and then put them in a stall away from the cows. Then we milk the cows and feed the calves. For the first three weeks we give them about three quarts of whole milk twice a day and then gradually change to skim-milk, always taking great care to feed at regular intervals, and have the milk of the same temperature.

We keep bright hay, straw, and cut corn fodder in their reach at all times, and give all they will eat of oats and corn and cob meal, consisting of one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter, to which a little oil meal is added. They get this ration up to six months old, when the grain feed is reduced a little. In the Winter they are housed in a warm stable, and on nice bright days are let run out in a sunny lot. In Summer time they have the run of a grass lot. By handling in the way here described, we have had calves to weigh over seven hundred pounds at their first birthday. I may add that we breed pure-bred Shorthorn, but I think calves of any other breed could be fed in the same way.—Breeder's Gazette.

HOW TO KEEP CHEESE.

Cheese must not be kept in a warm and dry place. The best place is a cellar such as would be called dry, which will anyhow have some moisture in it, and some is necessary to the proper keeping of cheese. Darkness is preferable to light, and a low temperature, but not lower than fifty-five degrees is desirable. The cheese will become moldy on the outside; the mold is permitted until the surface is covered, when it is scraped off, and the cheese is washed with water at

eighty degrees and all the mold is removed. It is then wiped dry and greased with sweet oil or butter, unsalted, to fill the pores in the crust. It is thus left for a few weeks and this is repeated. In this way the cheese slowly changes its character, improving all the time in flavor and texture. It becomes fatty by the change of some of the casein into a kind of fatty matter, and a peculiar mild aroma is produced quite different from the intolerable smell of the coarse kinds of semi-putrid cheese known as Limburger, or some of the overcured German cheese. The curing described is that practiced with the Brie and the Roquefort cheeses, as well as that finest of all kinds, the English Stilton. As a rule we do not give requisite attention to curing our cheese, and hence its want of high quality. The curing of cheese is a slow process that requires skillful control, or it becomes decomposition.—American Farmer.

TRANSPLANTING VEGETABLES.

Do not be in too great haste to transplant vegetables to the open ground. Wait until all danger, not only of frosts but cold nights, is past. The young plants are tender, and if they receive a severe check at the start they seldom recover, and it is important to secure a vigorous steady growth from the start. Harden off before transplanting, so that they can stand the night air without injury. Do not water the plants twenty-four hours previous to transplanting, but give them a generous sprinkling just before taking out of the hot-beds or window boxes.

The ground must be well mellowed; if a little poultry manure or well-rotted stable manure is hoed into the surface soil it will be found beneficial. Make a hole for the plants the shape of an inverted saucer and large enough so that the roots can be spread out naturally. Cover with well-pulverized soil when the ground is very wet or soon after a heavy rain; this is often neglected and the tender roots are covered with lumps of soil, which soon harden and prevent their taking hold. Firm the soil around each plant. On a cloudy day or after sundown is the best time for transplanting. Protect the plants from the sun until they are rooted.

Cultivate often and very shallow while the plants are young. Do not cultivate when the soil is too wet; if the tools will work well the soil is in the right condition. Cultivation means more than keeping down the weeds; the soil must be stirred and pulverized. Hasten growth by the use of liquid manure. Quickness of growth is necessary to the quality and tenderness of any vegetable. Early in the morning or in the evening is the best time to water plants. Give a generous supply to the roots twice a week and cover the wet surface with a little dry soil. A liberal supply of water twice a week is better than a little every day. Do not use cold water; fill a barrel and let it stand in the sun a day or two and it will be about the right temperature.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A recent novelty is the climbing cucumber.

Newly planted trees should be well mulched.

Too much washing spoils the flavor of butter.

Don't be in too great a hurry to set out your bees.

The pig and the hen are the natural allies of the dairy.

The early pullets lay the early eggs next fall and winter.

In buying trees see to it that the roots are as perfect as possible.

Incubators answer better for hens and ducks than for turkeys and geese.

The retention of too much water in the butter is the cause of many complaints of short weight.

All the little jobs about houses and yards should be finished this month early, before the field work demands all your time.

Manure the orchards and fruit plats. Many, many trees are starved, to speak plainly, yet the owner wonders why he gets no fruit and his trees are unproductive.

Dehorned cattle sell better than horned cattle for all purposes. They are preferred by feeders, shippers, slaughterers or exporters. They look better, feed better, ship better, sell better and kill better.

Animals have spring fever as well as human beings. The long feeding on dried grasses and fodder deprives the system of its natural juices, the blood becomes thick and sluggish, and there is consequently languor and loss of appetite.